THE CHILDS OWN PICTURE AND VERSE BOOK,

Mattie Ladd Colby
May 1859.
From Aunt Lizzie Jefferson

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Picture
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THE CHILD'S OWN

PICTURE AND VERSE BOOK.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED, FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES,

BY A "GRANDFATHER."

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

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THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

A Dog his master so deceived,
He was the best of curs believed;
And on the sheep in secret preyed.
The master, finding out his crime,
A rope about his neck did twine.
"Ah!" said the Dog, "mercy, I pray!
"You pardoned, once, the Wolf; you may
Forgive me, too." "Wretch! the Wolf declares
Hostility, and boldly dares
His prey to take. You trusted were, and now
I'll hang you by the neck on yonder bough."

THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE.

A Miser some money together had got,
And he dug a great hole in a wild, lonely spot—
Concealed there the treasure. One morning he found
That a thief had been there, and his cries did resound:
"My treasure! my money! Ah, me, it is gone!"
A stranger passed by while that he did mourn.
"Pray, sir," he inquired, "did you want it to pay
For rent or provisions?" "What!" the Miser did say,
"Spend it! No, friend; to look at the gold,
Was the reason I hid it in this gaping hole."
"Oh, then," said the stranger, "with stones fill it now;
For they are as good for your purpose, I vow."

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE PURSE.

FIRST TRAVELLER.

See, comrade, see what I have found;
A purse, here, lying on the ground.

SECOND TRAVELLER.

Nay, then, say *we*, for you must see
This treasure belongs, too, to me.
But hark, what noise now greets my ear?
Stop thief! 's the cry. They're coming here.

FIRST TRAVELLER.

Alas! alas! we now are lost.

SECOND TRAVELLER.

We; nay, 'tis you, for to your cost
You did refuse good luck to share,
So you alone the blame must bear.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE ACORN.

PHILOSOPHER.

GREAT Oak Tree, are you sure 'tis just,
That bear small Acorns now you must,
While here upon this little vine
Great Pumpkins grow?

OAK TREE.

'Tis time
That you, vain man, should plainly see
That all is good God does decree.
I drop an Acorn on your head;
If it were as a Pumpkin grown,
The heavy weight would strike you dead;
So, all's quite right, you now will own.

THE LITTLE FISH.

"Thou little Fish, poor simple thing!
Make not toward the hook a spring.
'Twill pierce, 'twill rend thy throat, indeed;
'Twill give thee pain, 'twill make thee bleed!
A Boy sits there, but not for play;
Poor little Fish, swim swift away!"

The Fish he thought he knew the best;
He saw the rich, bright bait alone;
He thought that only for a jest
The Boy the line had thrown;
So swimming up, the bait he took;
Poor thing, how soon he found the hook!

THE ASS.

GET on, you Ass! why, I declare,
Like any snail you are creeping there!

ASS.

Well, if I don't go galloping on,
I honestly take my burden along!
Of divers service the master has need;
I bear the burden, he rides the steed.

Now when the long day's work was o'er
The Ass came to the stable door;
He found his stall the steed's beside;
His crib with fodder was supplied;
And on his straw, with grave delight,
He calmly slept the livelong night.

THE CATS AND THE MONKEY.

A Monkey once weighing a nice piece of cheese,
(Which two Cats had stolen to eat at their ease,
And wished it divided in two parts quite fair,
So neither would have more nor less than his share,)
Kept biting off pieces the right weight to find,
Till, when it weighed even, nothing was left but rind.
So often in lawsuits the clients discover,
When the lawyers are paid, there is nothing left over.

THE BEAR AND THE HERMIT.

BEAR.

My benefactor slept. A wicked fly
Has lighted on his face. I now will try
To brush him off, lest, tickling his dear nose,
He drives away my master's sweet repose.

HERMIT.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! you wicked bear,
You've torn my face to pieces. Just see there,
You've scratched my nose, nearly put out my eye,
In striving to dislodge a harmless fly.
Beware, in future, e'en when motives good;
Direct your actions, lest you ill intrude.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

TRAVELLER.

Oh, dear! 'tis cold, my fingers I must blow
To warm; they are frozen in this snow.
My friend, your soup is good, but 'tis too hot;
I'll blow, and cool it. That's better, is it not?

SATYR.

Good day, sir, leave my hut. I'll entertain
No guest who can't from silly jest refrain;
I am no fool, and need not to be told
One breath can not blow hot and cold.

THE CASCADE AND THE RIVER.

CASCADE.

How tame and wearisome is thy course,
Dear River; why not use your force
To drive, as I do, with turmoil and haste,
And the precious sweets of excitement taste?
See how my waters dash down from the hill,
And the noise of my song increaseth still.

The River flowed on in her quiet way,
And there came to the two a summer's day;
The sun's intense heat the Cascade dried,
But the still, deep River its power defied.

THE ASS AND THE LION.

An Ass once went, on hunting-day,
To scare the beasts with horrid bray.
The Lion, concealed quite near, then made
A prey of those the noise dismayed.
Satiate with sport, the Ass he calls,
And bids him cease his horrid brawls.
He, puffed with self-importance, said:
"Sir, to some purpose I have brayed!"
"No Ass more famously could do,"
The Lion says, "but thee I knew,
Or I might have been frighted too."

THE BEES AND THE DRONES.

Before the Wasp the Drones once laid
A cause, for honey the Bees had made.
He—asked at once for his decision—
Made, then, to both this proposition:
"You each shall take a hive, and here
Some honey make; 'twill then be clear
Whose honey-comb shall likest be
To this you claim." The Bees agree;
The Drones refuse. The judge, at last,
Upon the case this sentence passed:
"'Tis plain to whom belongs this hoard;
To the Bees let it be restored."

THE ROSE AND THE AMARANTH.

ROSE.

Neighbor, friend Amaranth, just see,
None pass without observing me;
While I perceive that very few
Seem any note to take of you.

AMARANTH.

Sweet Rose, I know you stand alone,
The Queen of Beauty, all must own.
Far be such vanity from me,
My merit sole is constancy.
Less exquisite, I longer last,
Unchanged and fresh when you have passed.

THE ROSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

A Blush Rose once, in Beauty's pride,
Bloomed by a little river's side.
With pleasure gay, and haughty air,
She saw her beauty mirrored there.
But oh! alas! there came a storm,
And tore the leaves from her fair form.
She saw the stalk, its beauty flown,
Still mirrored in the ruthless stream;
And mourned, alas! her beauty gone,
And wished she had more modest been.
The head so raised with pomp and pride,
More modest bowed, the storm's power had defied.

ONE LITTLE BOY.

I'm a little gentleman,
Play, and ride, and dance I can;
Very handsome clothes I wear,
And I live on dainty fare;
And whenever out I ride,
I've a servant by my side.
And I never, all the day,
Need do any thing but play;
Nor even soil my little hand,
Because I am so very grand:
O, I'm very glad, I'm sure,
I need not labor, like the poor.
For I think I could not bear
Such old shabby clothes to wear.

ANOTHER LITTLE BOY.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work, as if 'twere play;
When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
Or my wagon whip to smack;
O, I am as happy then,
As the idle gentleman.
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day.
I'd rather be a plough-boy, than
A useless little gentleman.

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A Butterfly said unto a Bee,
"My dearest friend, I cannot see
Why you devote such constant care,
Your wax and honey to prepare.
Why not, like me, from every flower,
Draw just enough to please each hour?"
"Ah," said the Bee, "a life like mine
Is of more use than such as thine.
I can to others pleasure give;
You, for yourself alone, would live.
My name is linked with industry and care,
Your pleasures are as volatile as air."

THE HUNTSMAN AND THE DOVE.

A HUNTSMAN aiming at a Dove,
Who to her mate cooed soft of love,
Was, by an adder in the grass,
Bitten, as near him he did pass.
The venom spread: the man, who found
That he must die there on the ground,
Cried, "Just is my sentence, thus to fall
When I another's death proposed:
I could not hope to live unpunished long,
And by my cruelty my life is closed."

THE CAT AND THE BAT.

A Bat who flying once by day,
By Tabby soon was caught as prey;
But hard she pleaded for her life,—
"I am no mouse, madam, you see,
And I am sure you'll not eat me,
When rats and mice are rife."
Pussy replied, "You speak most true,
For, as a mouse, I'll not eat you,
On that I give my word:
For who to eat a mouse would care,
When they might have more sumptuous fare,
By feeding on a bird?"

THE ASTRONOMER AND THE FLY.

"HERE is a new planet, my fortune is made,"
A star-gazing wiseacre exultingly said;
"It is large, it is black, it is dazzling and new,
I hope no one else will discover it, too.
Yet stop; to be sure I distinctly have seen,
My glass I'll unscrew, and every part clean:
Ah, me! with despair I am likely to die,
My planet, I find, is a poor little fly
Who here is imprisoned, and my magnifier
Has enlarged him, my gigantic hopes to inspire."

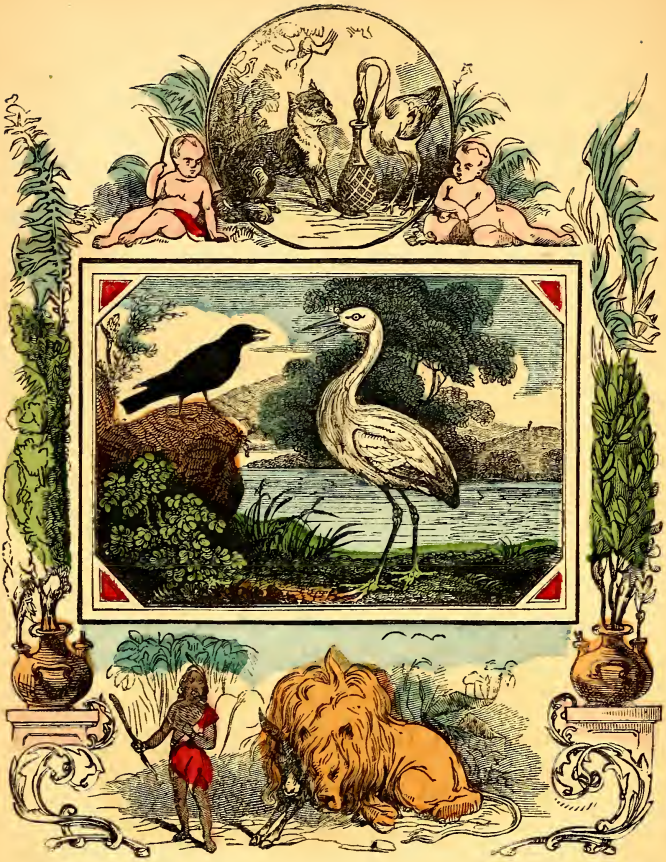
THE GOLDFISH AND THE TOAD.

GOLDFISH.

Do you not envy us, O Toad,
Who bear'st of ugliness a load,
While we in sparkling splendor live,
And pleasure to all gazers give?

TOAD.

I envy not your brilliant lot:
I dwell beside a humble cot,
Stroll through the garden, breathe free air,
And all the sweets of freedom share.



THE CRANE AND THE CROW.

CROW.

LONG-LEGGED, ugly, whooping Crane,
Of your fine feathers be not vain;
Strut round and swagger as you may,
Folks won't admire your plumage gay.

CRANE.

I may be ugly, as you say,
But your black coat is not so gay;
A whooping Crane I'm called, I know,
But I am not a *Carrion Crow!*

THE OSTRICH AND THE PELICAN.

OSTRICH.

Poor Pelican, that from your bosom's blood,
Dost feed your little foolish brood,
I think the world won't deem you wise,
To squander thus your energies.

PELICAN.

If the world praises such as you,
I hope it will not praise me, too.
To gad about, and "scatter dirt,"
Your unborn offspring you desert.

THE COCK AND POLAR BEAR.

COCK.

STRANGER, shaggy, rough and drear,
That com'st our cheerful cot so near,
Whence do you come?

BEAR.

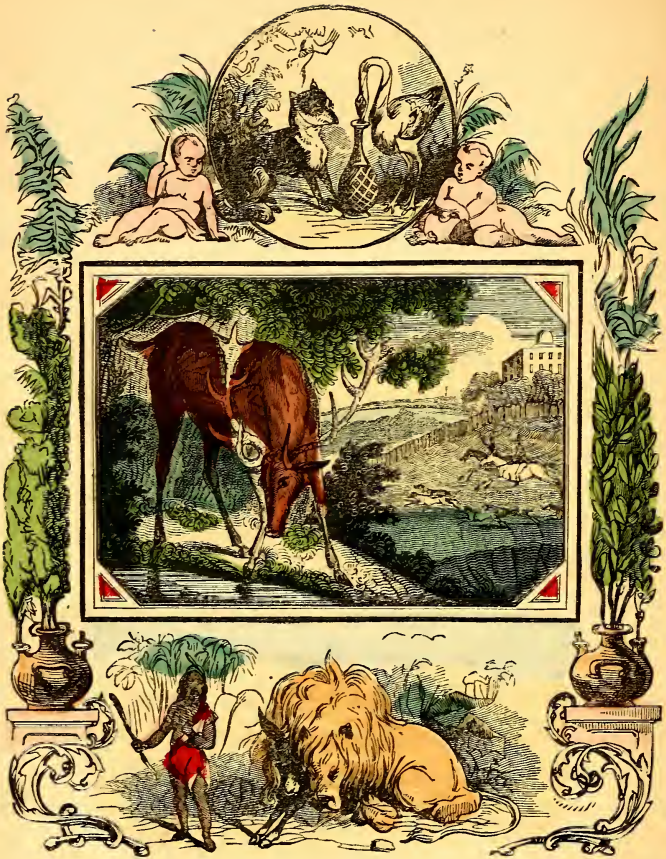
From my wooden cage
I've just escaped, and would engage
In pleasant talk with Chanticleer.
With us the day lasts half the year,
And Cock's shrill voice we never hear.

THE LION AND THE BEASTS.

When in alliance with the strong,
The weak are sure to suffer wrong.
A Lion, in a royal whim,
Took other beasts to hunt with him,
A stag entangled in their toil,
He into three divides the spoil;
Then in these words the lordly beast
His humble company addressed:
"This portion I as strongest claim;
This, because Lion is my name;
And as for the remaining share,
To touch it, let me see who dare!"
Thus, as it ever will befall,
The greedy tyrant seized on all.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A Wolf across his greedy throat,
One day a pointed bone had got,
With promises he lured in vain,
Each creature to relieve his pain;
At last his oaths a Crane persuade,
With venturous beak to give him aid;
The hardy cure when well effected,
Longshanks, the promised fee expected:
"What," says the Wolf, "your neck you draw,
In safety, from my hungry maw,
And dare demand another prize?
Ungrateful! fly, if thou art wise."



THE STAG AT THE FOUNTAIN.

A Stag upon a fountain's side,
Beheld his branching horns with pride;
While of his spindle-shanks, ashamed,
Their disproportioned form he blamed;
Sudden he hears the hunter's cries,
And to the forest nimbly flies;
The woods receive their well-known guest,
His tangled horns his feet arrest;
The hounds approach, and seize their prey,
Who, dying, thus was heard to say:
"Wretch that I am! too late I learn,
How little we the truth discern!
What would have saved me, I despised,
And what has been my ruin, prized!"

THE LION WORN WITH AGE.

When fate and fortune cease to smile,
Prepare for insults from the vile.
Worn out, and in a dying way,
A venerable Lion lay;
The Boar came on with rankling tooth,
For some offence received in youth;
The Bull then ventured with his horn,
To gore him for an ancient scorn;
The sorry Ass, O last disgrace!
Approach'd and kicked him in the face,
Then he, expiring,—"'Tis severe,
The insults of the brave to bear:
But, wretch! when spurned by thee I lie,
High time it is indeed to die!"

THE TRAVELLER AND THE LARK.

TRAVELLER.

How early, Lark, hast thou begun
Thy song of triumph to the sun?

LARK.

To the dear God I sing—thus raise
To him my thanks, to him my praise;
It is a custom old of mine;
Is it not, Traveller, also thine?

And as so loud in air he sang,
And as the Traveller onward sprang,
How blithe, how bright did all appear,
In that clear, sunny atmosphere!
And God, well-pleased, in heaven above,
Received their hymns of praise and love.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BOY.

Sunshine-roving Butterfly!
Flower-loving Butterfly!
Say, upon what dost thou fare,
Always fluttering in the air?

BUTTERFLY.

Flower-odors and sunshine
Are the food of me and mine.

While the Child to seize it thought,
Fearing, trembling, it besought,
"Do not so, dear Child! I pray,
In the sunshine let me play;
Ere has passed the evening red,
Thou may'st find me cold and dead!

THE JACKDAW AND THE PEACOCK.

A Jackdaw, empty, pert, and vain,
Who held his equals in disdain,
One day some beauteous feathers found,
Left by a Peacock on the ground.
When in the gaudy plumage dressed,
The shallow thing his fortune blessed:
With stately gesture strode along,
And boldly joined the Peacock throng;
Who, his impertinence to pay,
First stripped him, and then chased away.
The crest-fall'n coxcomb homeward sneaks,
And his forsaken comrades seeks;
Where'er he comes with scorn they leave him,
And not a Jackdaw will receive him.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

Who others' property invade,
With loss of theirs are justly paid.
A Spaniel swimming with his food,
Believed his shadow in the flood
A real dog; and while he tries,
Him of his dinner to surprise,
From his loosed jaws down dropped his own;
And shade and substance both were flown.

THE GOLDFINCH AND STARLING.

"Tell me, my pretty Starling, why
Thus from your gilded cage you fly?
Here, every want was satisfied,
Now for your own you must provide.
To give you all that you could ask,
Has ever been our master's task;
Now you must seek throughout the street,
For every seed, or grain, you eat:"
A Goldfinch to a Starling said,
Who from his master's cage had fled.
"'Tis true," the Starling said, "less good
Will be my lodgings, and my food;
But nothing will my wings confine,
And native liberty be mine."

THE PORCUPINE AND SERPENTS.

A Porcupine, by dogs sore prest,
Sought refuge in a Serpent's nest:
Their hospitality they gave,
From his pursuers him to save.
But, finding that his quills, so keen,
When thrown pierced through their tender skin,
They told him that, the danger over,
He had best seek another cover.
"Ah," said th' intruder, "here I stay,
Defying you to send me away;
You cannot sting me, for my dart
Can pierce your tongue in every part."
The Serpents, finding contest vain,
Had to permit him to remain.

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

"Why sit you blinking in that hole?"
Once said an Eagle to an Owl.
"Come out, 'tis time to fly, not sleep;
This is no hour your bed to keep;
The sun shines bright, the day is clear,
So, prithee, stay no longer here."
"Ah," said the Owl, "for you, 'tis true,
The gairish light of day may do;
But, for my part, this hollow tree
Provides the light which best suits me;
While you are sleeping, then, to-night,
I, for my prey, will wing my flight.
Pass on, our natures can never agree,
What you delight in, would be death to me."

THE LYNX AND THE MOLE.

A Lynx, once seated near a Mole,
Began thus with him to condole:
"Your blindness, friend, a sore cross must be;
I'm sure, if I should lose the power to see,
My foes would soon destroy my life, indeed;
But now they dare not come to make me bleed."
"Beware," the Mole cried, "for danger now is near,
Which, though I cannot see, I surely hear."
Before the Lynx, from where he stood, could flee,
The hunter pierced him from behind a tree.
Thus self-sufficient, vaunting of his eyes,
He fell the skillful hunter's ready prize.

THE MULES AND THE ROBBERS.

Two Mules, with each a heavy load,
Journeyed together on the road;
One carried gold, and went before,
The other sacks of barley bore.
With crest erect the leader strode,
And the bells jingled as he trode:
The other meekly trudged along.
A troop of robbers round them throng,
The humble barley who despise,
Intent to seize the richer prize.
The first was wounded in the fray,
And his rich lading borne away,
Wailing his ills with sad lament,
While t'other trotted on content;
"The scorn," he says, "I can endure,
That makes my sacks and hide secure."

THE TREES PROTECTED BY THE GODS.

In days of yore, each god selected
A Tree by him to be protected:
Phœbus the Bay; the Oak was Jove's;
The beauteous Mother of the Loves
The Myrtle chose; the Poplar tree,
Alcides: the Pine, Cybele.
"Why," says Minerva, "do you please
To choose such unproductive trees?"
"Because," says Jove, "we would not seem
To give for profit our esteem."
Pallas replies, "Say what you will,
I love my useful Olive still,
For its good fruit." Then father Jove,—
"O wisest of the powers above!
Thou well hast said! true worth alone
By its utility is shown."

THE ASS AND THE GIPSIES.

Him whom the fates to misery doom,
Disgrace pursues beyond the tomb.
Gipsies, to bear their baggage, led
An Ass, o'ercharged and scantly fed:
Of blows and poverty he died.
The Gipsies stripped the wretch's hide
To make a drum; which, beaten still,
Seemed a continuance of ill.

THE STRANGER.

Who knocks so loudly at the gate?
The night is dark, the hour is late,
And the full moon is down!
O, 'tis a stranger gone astray!
That calls to ask the nearest way
To yonder little town.
Why, 'tis a long and dreary mile,
For one o'ercome with cold and toil;
Go to her, Charles, and say,
Good lady! here repose to-night,
And with the morning's earliest light,
We'll guide you on your way.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

When little folks will ape the great,
'Tis easy to forsee their fate.
A Frog a well-fed Ox had seen,
And, envying much his goodly mien,
She puffed and swelled her wrinkled hide,
And to her brood in triumph cried:
"Well! do I equal him in size?"
"Ah, no!" a little one replies.
Again her stretched-out sides dilate;
The difference still, they said, was great.
One effort more, in fate's despite,
She desperate made with all her might:
'Twas all in vain. The reptile, curst
With envy and ambition, burst.

THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

Who to the wise false counsel give,
Their labor lose, and scorn receive.
The dogs, 'tis said, that lap the Nile,
Run, to avoid the Crocodile.
One, who concealed in sedges lay,
Cries to a Hound—"Here! hark you! stay!
Drink at your leisure of the stream,
Nor of imagined dangers dream!"
"I thank you, sir; you well advise;"
At distance due the Dog replies,
"'Tis what I certainly should do,
Had I no cause to fly from you."

THE FOX AND THE CRANE.

REYNARD one day, in merry vein,
To dine invited neighbor Crane;
He gave her neither frogs nor fish,
But mince-meat in a shallow dish;
So that while Reynard lapt his fill,
No morsel passed her pointed bill,
And sad and fasting she went home.
Next day she asked the Fox to come
And sup; and gave, for only food,
A hash that smelt extremely good,
Served in a jar with narrow neck,
Where Longshanks just could put her beak.
The Crane supped well; her famished guest
By no means relishing the feast.
"No malice," says the Crane, "adieu!
Remember, I was taught by you."

THE KITE AND THE CHICKENS.

Chickens 'neath their mother's sway
Had 'scaped the Kite from day to day;
From force despairing of his prize,
The rogue assumed a friendly guise;
Advised she should a treaty make,
And him for their protector take:
"Than whom," he says, "none better knows,
To guard them from surrounding foes."
The harmless hen his lies believe,
The robber for their guard receive:
Who soon with beak and talon shows
What a vile patron she had chose.
Says one, whom chance had still preserved,
"'Tis what your folly has deserved!"

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

When dangers press, a cunning man
Escapes by any means he can.
A Fox had fall'n into a pit,
And could no way get out of it;
A thirsty Goat hard by who stood,
Cries, "Neighbor, is the water good?"
"So excellent," the Fox replied,
"I here remain unsatisfied;
Come down, my friend, take my advice."
Long-beard went down, and in a trice,
Reynard climbed out upon his head,
And left him prisoner in his stead.

THE SPORTSMAN AND THE OLD HOUND.

A Dog renowned in many a chase,
Long foremost in his master's grace,
Began through age his strength to lose.
One morning he a boar pursues,
And catches; but his teeth, grown old,
The vigorous savage could not hold.
The master storms. "Sir," says the Hound,
"If bad my teeth, my heart is sound.
Your wrath, now I can do no more,
Marks what you thought of me before."
Philetes! thou too well wilt see,
Why I address this tale to thee.

THE HARES WEARY OF LIFE.

Those who are ready to despair,
May from example learn to bear.
The Hares, as in their forms they lay,
Some noise alarmed: with dire dismay,
Weary to live in constant dread,
They think it better to be dead;
And to a neighboring lake repair,
To end at once their terrors there.
The frogs leaped trembling from the side,
In the green pool their heads to hide.
"These," says a Hare, "fear more than we;
Come, then, as patient let us be."

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Some Mice at play,
Where once a slumb'ring Lion lay,
A young one, giddier than the rest,
Leaped on and waked the royal beast.
Caught in his paws, she grace implored.
Leo forgave her, and restored
To liberty. Ere many days
The woodlands as by night he strays,
Caught in a toil, the hills around
Rebellow with his roar; the sound
Soon draws the grateful Mouse, who said:
"Fear nothing, sir, I bring you aid,
"For kindness past:" and with these words,
She set to work to gnaw the cords
That bound the toil, and persevered
Till Leo was from durance cleared

THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

A Trumpeter, in battle ta'en,
Pleading for quarter, urged in vain,
That none he ever killed or wounded.
His plea by all was judged unfounded:
—"That he who to the war excites
Is more to blame than he who fights;
That like the rest must be his lot"—
And the poor Trumpeter was shot.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

The rogue is doubly vile who plies
His trade in honesty's disguise.
A Wolf a straggling Wether slew,
And round himself the sheep-skin threw.
As thus he near the sheepfold hovered,
He by the shepherd was discovered;
Who knew him wolf not sheep to be,
And caught and hanged him on a tree.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE THORN.

THE lowly and contented state
Is farthest from the wounds of fate.
A Fir upon a humble Thorn
From his high top looked down with scorn.
"For loftiest fanes we grow," she said,
"Of us the tallest masts are made,
While thou, poor Bramble, canst produce
Nothing of ornament or use."
"Great tree," the modest Thorn replied,
"When the sharp axe shall pierce your side,
In vain you then may wish to be
Unsought-for, and unknown like me."

THE SICK LION.

With age his vigor worn away,
When Leo could not hunt his prey,
Who long had o'er the forest reigned,
In policy he sickness feigned;
And gave it out he was at home
To all the beasts who chose to come.
The Fox, invited by a friend
The royal levee to attend,
Replies, "I would my court have paid
But for a late remark I made;
The den's approach I see impressed
With vestiges of many a beast;
But all the footsteps inward go,
Nor outward points a single toe."

THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

A THIRSTY Ant approached to drink
Too near, and slipping from the brink,
Had perished, but a pitying Dove
Saw her misfortune from above;
And in the stream some foliage cast,
On which to land she safely passed.
A hunter with a cross-bow came,
And marked the Stock-dove for his game.
The Ant, observant of her danger,
Flew in an instant on the stranger,
And bit him, as he drew his bow,
So sharply, that he missed his blow:
And ere he shot again, the Dove
Had sought the covert of the grove.

THE TURKEY AND THE FOWLS.

We ne'er should discontented be
With what the common lot we see.
A Turkey once was turned to feed
With cocks who were a fighting breed;
And beat and buffeted by these,
The stranger was but ill at ease.
But when he saw them fight each other,
And brother pitted against brother,
He ceased to grieve: "I can't," says he,
"Expect you shall be kind to me,
When with yourselves you disagree."

THE CHAMELEON.

A MAN had a Chameleon seen.
It's color he maintained was green:
Another vehemently said,
It's skin was of a lively red:
To end the contest, they apply
To a third traveller passing by.
"Sirs, you are neither of you right,"
He cries, "the animal is white.
The point to settle, I will show
You one I caught an hour ago:"
The creature from a bag he drew,
And, wondering, they behold it blue.

THE FARMER AND THE STORK.

The world of men will judgment give,
From those with whom they're seen to live.
One who set nets to guard his pease,
A stork had caught amongst some geese.
"Her life," she said, "he ought to spare,
Who by mere accident was there;
No robber she." "It may be so,"
Replied the man, "for aught I know;
But whether 'twas design or fate
Made you with thieves associate,
I fear you must contented be
To hang in their society."

THE HORSE AND STAG.

THE animals, within a plain,
Could not agree in love;
But for the grass in one large spot,
A horse and stag once strove.
The horse, who was defeated quite,
Resolved the stag to beat;
Applied to man, and by his aid
His foe forced to retreat;
But when to go away he tried,
The man he held him fast,
"Now that I've found your use," he cried,
"You'll serve me to the last."

THE DOG AND WOLF.

WOLF.

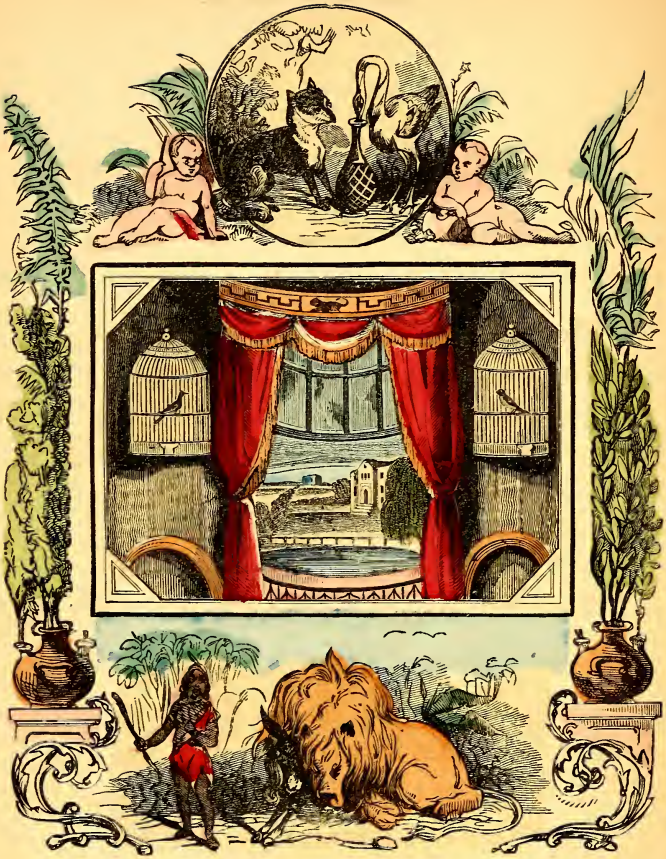
How sleek and fair your skin does look,
I'm sure, sir, to speak by the book,
You credit do unto your fare.

DOG.

I'm sure, sir, that, by your air,
You envy me. Where do you dine?
Your fare may be the same as mine,
If you'll agree to do no more
Than keep the night thieves from the door;
'Tis true, you must prepare by day
To be chained up, that you mayn't stray.

WOLF.

What do you say? I would refuse
A crown, my liberty to lose.



THE MOCKING-BIRD AND ORIOLE.

ORIOLE.

Tell me, dear bird, I pray you do,
Why has our mistress caged up you?
Your plumage does not please, like mine,
Nor does with gold and ebon shine;
Wherefore, then, are you hung by me,
When there is not any beauty in thee?

MOCKING-BIRD.

'Tis true, my coat is dull and brown,
But my rich melody charms the town;
Every note that is sweet, and pure, and clear,
You can listen to when my cage you come near.
Of your brilliant plumage one soon may tire,
But they never cease my song to admire.

THE REED AND THE OAK.

OAK.

In truth, poor reed, thy hapless fate
I cannot but commiserate;
The softest breeze does bend thy form,
While I withstand the fiercest storm.

REED.

Thanks for thy pity, royal tree,
You're kind to deign to notice me.
I do not fear the strongest blast,
For over me they all have passed;
I bend, 'tis true, but never break.

A hurricane, while yet he spake,
Rushed o'er the two; by bending low
The reed escaped the fatal blow;
But stern, resisting to the storm,
The oak up by the roots was torn.

THE TWO BEES.

BENEATH a summer's noon, two Bees
Honeyed the plants, and flowers, and trees.
Sagacious and industrious one
Took what he wanted and was gone;
The other, in pursuit of pleasure,
Observing nor restraint nor measure.
A vase with honey filled they see,
Suspended from a blooming tree,
To catch imprudent insects placed.
The thoughtless Bee approached to taste;
His neighbor of the danger warned;
But he the wise remonstrance scorned,
And plunging headlong in the sweets,
The hapless insect ruin meets.

THE ROCKET AND THE STAR.

ROCKET.

Behold! how beautiful am I,
Soaring in the clear blue sky;
The moon and stars before me pale,
As in the firmament I sail.

STAR.

Beautiful, indeed, you are,
Shining brighter than a star;
But how transient is your light,
Bold, glaring, but soon lost to sight.

THE KINGFISHER AND SPARROW.

SPARROW.

Why, on the lonely river's side,
O Halcyon fair, dost thou abide?
I love the busy haunts of men,
In streets and courts a denizen.

KINGFISHER.

Beneath the willow's shade live I,
Where sparkling waters hurry by;
I'm seldom seen, but much admired,
While of your prattle all are tired.

THE MAN AND PARROT.

MAN.

Poor Poll, I pity your sad case,
Caged and confined to this dull place.

PARROT.

'Tis true, I cannot roam at will,
But live in one apartment still;
But I am petted and well fed,
And birds of prey can't strike me dead.
Freedom was sweet on Cuba's shore,
But ease and safety please me more.

THE GARDENER AND THE ROSE.

ROSE.

Oh! gardener, I am in despair:
With tulips I can ne'er compare.
How gay and brilliant they appear!
What could have made you bring them here?

GARDENER.

Dismiss your fears, O lovely Rose!
The tulip's beauty transient glows,
While yours, by grace of sun and dew,
Lasts all the pleasant summer through.
Her colors only please the sight:
Your fragrance yields the soul delight.

THE FATHER AND SON.

SON.

Oh! I am hurt: a wicked bee
Has stung my hand, dear father, see.

FATHER.

I saw you chase the harmless bee,
To take away his liberty;
He only did himself defend.
Learn hence your manners, son, to mend.

THE PEACOCK AND PEASANTS.

ROGER.

O! DARBY, did you ever see
A bird so proud and vain as she?
She spreads her tail, and stalks around,
And seems to spurn the very ground.

DARBY.

She's proud and dainty, sure enough,
But then her voice is very rough:
Her gaudy plumage hardly seems
To pay us for her dreadful screams.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

To hurt the feelings still beware
Of those who are obliged to bear.
The blow is base and cowardly
You know retorted dare not be.
Boys daily as they went to school
Threw stones into a shallow pool.
A Frog at length advanced his head,
And to the little mischiefs said:
"Good lads, lay by your stones and slings,
Your sport to us destruction brings;
Let us poor animals alone,
No harm to you who e'er have done."

THE HERDSMAN AND THE LION.

A Herdsman oft his cattle led
Near a high wood; as there they fed
A favorite heifer disappeared,
He from a little one had reared.
Thickets and dells were beaten round,
The straggler nowhere could be found.
"Jove!" cries the Herdsman, "let me see
The thief, and I this day to thee
A fatted calf will sacrifice."
The prayer no sooner said, he spies
A Lion on his beast at prey.
Stealing on tottering knees away,
"O Jove," he says, "but save me now,
And for the calf I'll give a cow."

THE LION, TIGER, AND FOX.

A HUNGRY Tiger caught a fawn.
A Lion, passing o'er the lawn,
Resolves to rob him of his prey.
Long and tremendous is the fray,
Exerted on each hero's part,
Courage and strength and warlike art.
But mortal force at last must yield;
They sink exhausted on the field,
Unable to maintain the fight.
A sorry Fox, who stood in sight,
Approaching where they panting lay,
Carries the well-fought prize away.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME.

Two Men, one blind, the other lame,
To pass a ford together came.
The stream was rapid, and the way
Obliquely thwart the current lay;
To his companion says the Blind,
"Yon winding road I ne'er shall find."
"Nor my poor limbs," the Lame replied,
"The current's rapid force abide."
"Come," says the Blind, "my loins are strong,
I'll bear you on my back along,
While you to guide me give the word;"
And thus they safely crossed the ford.

THE SHEPHERD TURNED MERCHANT.

A Shepherd of an inland breed
Brought to the coast his flock to feed:
The beauty of a summer sea
A merchant tempted him to be.
He sold his sheep, and with the sale
Purchased of dates an ample bale.
He sailed: a furious tempest rose;
Into the sea his dates he throws,
And, swimming from the bark to land,
Arrives, half dead, upon the strand.
To one, soon afterwards, who stood,
Pleased with the calmness of the flood,
"Aye, aye," the simple Shepherd said,
"With dates again it would be fed."

THE EAGLE AND THE CROW.

THE wise well know their force to weigh,
Nor what they cannot do, essay.
A Carrion Crow an Eagle saw
Seize on a lamb with beak and claw.
Conceiving he could better do,
He pounces on a well-fed ewe;
But he, and not the sheep, was caught;
For when to fly with it he sought,
His feet entangled in the wool,
The shepherd seized the helpless fool.

FORTUNE AND THE BOY.

THE improvident on fortune lay
The price they for their folly pay.
Upon the margin of a well,
Asleep a thoughtless Schoolboy fell
So sound, that Fortune, passing by,
Could scarcely wake him with her cry:
"For once I've saved thy life," says she,
"Another time more prudent be.
Yours was the fault, had you fall'n in;
Yet mine the blame had surely been."

THE BOASTING TRAVELLER.

A FELLOW who abroad had been,
Told marvels he had done and seen:
"When resident at Rhodes," he said,
"A leap of twenty yards he made
Over a barrier ten feet high;
A dozen witnesses were by."
"Come on," says one, at the same table,
"Yon ditch and fence to o'erleap you're able;
They are not, by much, so high or wide,
Here let the experiment be tried.
Suppose yourself at Rhodes, and we
Your faithful witnesses will be."
The man replied, "That he to-day
Was not quite well," and stole away.

INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

A YOUTH asked why so long in bed?
"I listen to a cause," he said,
"As soon as I unclose my eyes."
First Industry excites to rise.
"Up, up," she says, "to meet the sun,
Your task of yesterday's undone!"
"Lie still," cries Sloth, "it is not warm,
An hour's more sleep can do no harm;
You will have time your work to do,
And leisure for amusement, too."
Much must be heard on either side,
The question fairly to decide;
And e'er the long debate is o'er,
Time and occasion are no more.

THE SWALLOW AND THE BIRDS.

A Swallow once a Farmer spied,
Who sowed hemp-seed; so loud he cried,
Imploring all the birds around
To pick the seeds up from the ground,
Before the lines were made and set
To catch the birds within a net.
The gay inhabitants of air
For his precaution little care;
Beaten and spun the nets were made,
And the unwary birds betrayed.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

The world applauds the lucky hit,
When it beholds the biter bit.
A treach'rous Fox invited down
A Cock, who on a tree had flown:
"Do you not know, my friend," says he,
"Bird, beast, fish, reptile, man agree
To live henceforth in amity?
Come down and celebrate the day."
"Troth," quoth the Cock, "you truly say;
For hounds, I see, come o'er the dell
With open mouths, the news to tell."
"Adieu," says Ren., "'tis best to go:
Those dogs the treaty may not know."

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

One solid quality avails
In time of need, when cunning fails.
Reynard one day a Wild-cat met:
"My friend," says he, "'tis with regret
I learn a pack of hounds are come;
Take my advice, and stay at home."
—"And you, my neighbor?"—"O, for me,
I run no risk; it will not be
An easy matter to surprise
My wily arts." The hunter's cries
Assail their ears, while yet he spoke.
The Cat climbs up a lofty oak;
While Reynard, of his arts in spite,
Had nothing left but dangerous flight.

THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

A Countryman a Serpent found,
Stiffened with frost upon the ground,
And took her home; but when the fire
Began new vigor to inspire,
Swelling her neck, with angry eyes,
She fills the cot with hissing cries.
The Rustic, taking up a stake,
"Is this, then, the return you make?
Is this your gratitude?" he said,
And knocked the Reptile on the head.

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

UNBROKEN rest men only find,
With temperance and a tranquil mind.
A Gnat into a Cottage went,
Where Peace and Labor slept content;
And on a Ploughman's snoring nose,
Took both subsistence and repose.
Next night she to a Castle fled;
Where, buzzing round a velvet bed,
Still when her station she would take,
She found the lodger wide awake.
"These stately Palaces, I see,"
She said, "are no resort for me;
Mine be the sleepers deep and sound,
Whom neither cares nor conscience wound."

THE ASS AND THE FARMER.

A STUPID Ass, that every day
Saw a light spaniel skip and play
About their Master, thought that she
Might the same way a favorite be.
Braying and frisking, she draws nigh,
And such strange leaps and gambols makes,
The Master's chair with laughter shakes.
She now believes success complete,
And rising on her hinder feet,
As she had seen the dog, began
To jump and paw upon the Man,
Who, wounded, set up such a roar
As brought the servants out o' door;
And blows, with various weapons plied,
Were showered upon poor Long-ears' hide.

THE FARMER AND THE STAG.

KNAVES will in words a contract make,
Which they in fact design to break.
A hunted Stag, his head to shield,
Begged shelter in a Farmer's field.
The Man agreed. The hunters came,
And asked if he had seen their game.
"No," he replied; but signals made
Which might the secret have betrayed,
Had not the huntsmen hurried on.
The Stag moved off when they were gone:
The Farmer cried, "Ungrateful beast,
Thy thanks I merited at least!"
"No," says he, "I had grateful been
If I your motions had not seen."

THE APPLE-TREE.

A MAN an Apple-tree had raised;
The fruit of it so much was praised.
He sent it, annual, from his hoard,
An humble offering to his lord;
Who, seeing it by all admired,
At last the tree desired.
This, too, immediately was granted,
And the poor Apple-tree transplanted.
Too old to move, it sapless grew;
And the crude fruit, of sickly hue,
That late and sparingly it bore,
The grateful flavor had no more.

THE GNAT AND THE OX.

Cries to an Ox a little Gnat,
As perched upon his horn she sat:
"My weight fatigues you, sir, I fear."
Says Ox, "I knew not thou wert there:
You might have sat from morn till morn
Perched on the tip of my long horn;
And for your weight I'd not have known
When you had come, or when had gone."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

By thirst compelled, to the same brink
A Wolf and Lamb approached to drink;
The Wolf above, the Lamb much lower.
When, urged by hunger's wicked power,
The tyrant thus a quarrel sought:
"How dar'st thou muddy thus my draught?"
"Sir," says the Lamb, "that cannot be,
For the stream runs from you to me."
"Well, well," replied the Wolf, "I know
You slandered me six months ago."
—"Indeed, good sir, I was not born,"
—"Then 'twas your father spoke with scorn."
This said, he seized his trembling prey,
And bore poor woolley-sides away.

THE BOY AND THE CHERRIES.

A RUDE ungovernable Child,
The father's tenderness had spoiled,
Seeing a jar of Cherries stand,
Thrust in the neck his greedy hand;
But, overfilling it, in vain
Strove what he wanted to obtain.
Obliged his fingers to let loose,
Stained with unprofitable juice,
He found, when he had drawn them out,
He much had grasped, but nothing got.
This tale the ancient saw explains:
"Who covets all, will lose his pains."

THE FOX AND THE SWALLOW.

A HALF-DROWNED Fox disabled lay;
To drive tormenting flies away
A Swallow offered him his aid:
"No, sir, I thank you," Reynard said;
"Already I have borne the ill;
These of my blood have sucked their fill;
And should we now these robbers chase,
A hungry swarm would take their place."

THE DIAMOND AND THE PEBBLE.

A MAN a Diamond once possessed,
Worthy to deck a regal breast;
A jewel of the purest ray,
Refracting every tint of day.
With sickly and fastidious pride
He cast the precious gem aside,
Preferring one of vulgar stone,
Fair to no eyes except his own.
The prejudice so potent grew,
He thought the false one was the true.
A fiery ordeal was ordained;
The Adamant the proof sustained,
And with unsullied lustre shone;
The Pebble was calcined and gone.

THE FIG-TREE AND FLOWERING SHRUB.

Flowers which many leaves display,
In fruitless beauty fade away.
Cries one of these, with saucy sneer,
To a plain fig-tree growing near,
"How comes it, honest friend, that thou
Dost in the spring no blossoms show?"
Says he, "I keep them out of view,
For fear I should resemble you,
And in the autumn nought produce
Of permanent and solid use."
Who soon and much essay to shine,
May dread a premature decline.

FORTUNE AND VICE.

Fortune and Vice dispute one day,
Which had to punish, greater sway.
Says Fortune, "At my sovereign will,
I take all good and give all ill."
"Granted," says Vice, "but without me
None can completely wretched be;
While I, alone, do all you can,
In perfect misery plunge any man."

THE MILKMAID.

A COUNTRY Girl, alert and gay,
Rose to the labors of the day;
To the next town she singing sped,
A milk-pail balanced on her head.
"A hundred eggs this milk will buy;
Which flocks of chickens may supply:
More I will sell to buy a pig,
Which, small at first, will soon grow big,
And managed well, enough will bring
A cow to purchase in the spring.
The cow a calf will have, no doubt;
How gay to see him skip about!"
This thought so pleased the lively Lass,
She jumped for joy, and the green grass
Was silvered with a milky stream;
Pig, cow, and calf, an empty dream,

THE LION AND THE APE.

A Lion, old and imbecile,
To regulate the forest weal
Appointed for his grand vizier,
An Ape, who then possessed his ear;
And presently each place supplied
With creatures to his race allied.
Lynxes and Pards from court were driven,
And their commands to Monkeys given;
Grave Asses from the benches bray;
Senates the tricking Fox obey;
Weasels and Rats are financiers,
And courtiers, Spaniels, Cats, and Bears.
A Tiger, ousted from his station,
Stirred up the discontented nation.
The rebel crew deposed the king,
And doomed the wretched Ape to swing.

THE TWO SONS.

Dullness will often find its way,
And wit and genius lead astray.
Two Sons an honest Tradesman had;
One a good plodding stupid lad,
The other full of fire and glee,
And sprightly ingenuity.
Reclined upon his dying bed,
He called his Boys, and thus he said:
"You," to the dull, "nothing need,
In the world certain to succeed;
And you I leave, my clever friend,
A fortune, I much fear you'll spend."

THE FISH AND THE CORMORANT.

CORMORANT.

What beautiful scales you have, my dear,
And how large and fine your eyes!
That I may admire them quite near,
To the surface, pray you, rise.

The silly little Fish, by flattery enticed,
Rose to the top, and was eaten in a trice.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS.

A PROWLING Wolf one evening put
His muzzle in a Shepherd's hut,
And there at table saw them seated,
To a young lamb's fat quarter treated.
"Ay, ay, 'tis very well," said he;
"Did you at such a feast find me,
The country up in arms would be."

THE EAGLES AND THE OWL.

EAGLES.

Oh! what an ugly bird I see,
Who sits all day in a hollow tree,
And dare not face the noon-day sky;
We really think he cannot fly.

OWL.

How? cannot fly! You soon shall see
If I cannot fly as well as ye.

He ventured forth to fly in the air,
But, dazzled by the sun's bright glare,
Fell to the ground, and the Eagles jeered
To find the truth just what they feared.